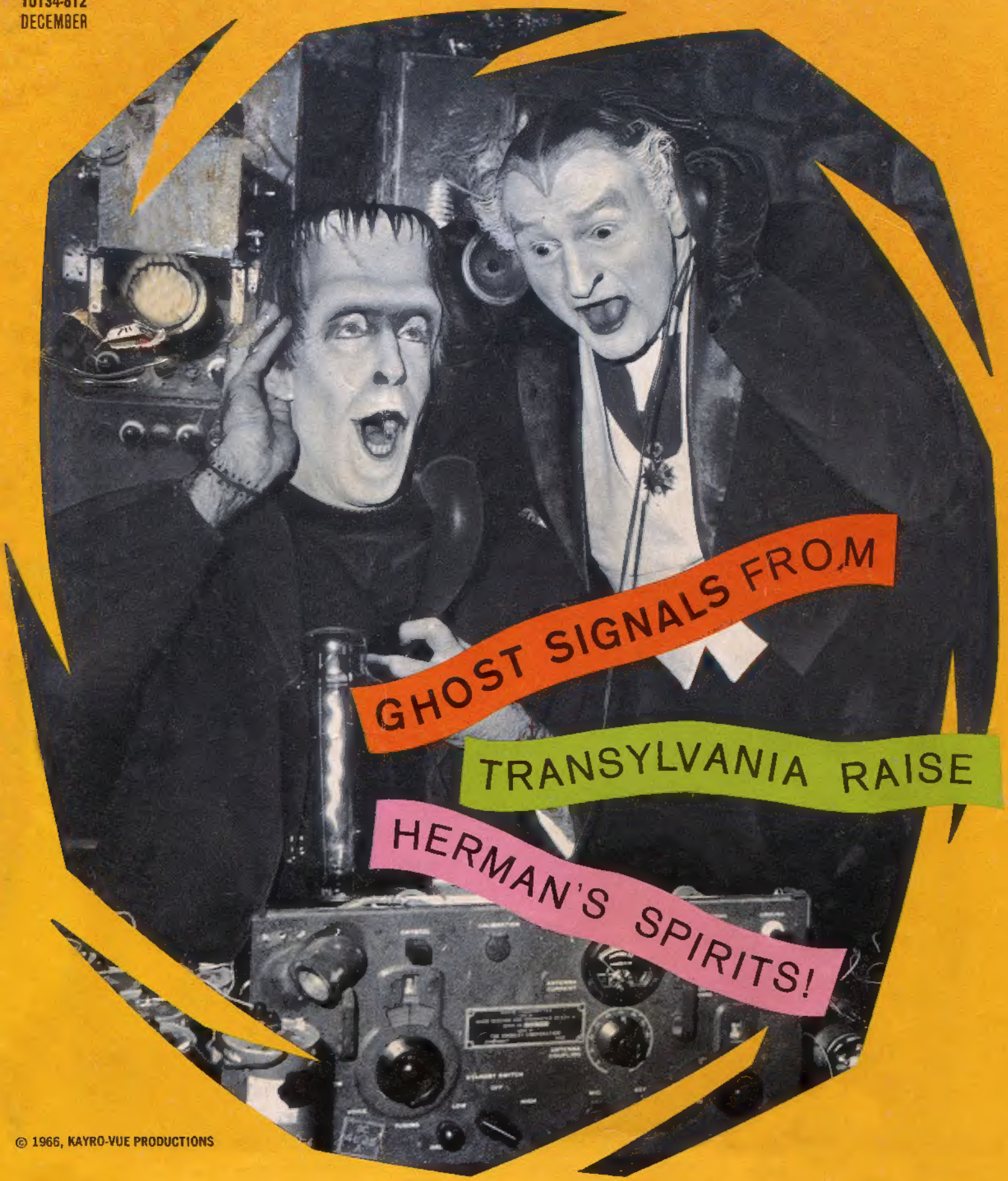
GOLD KEY

THE MUNSTERS

12c

The MUNSTERS

10134-612
DECEMBER



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The MUNSTERS
NO NOOSE IS GOOD NOOSE
COME ON IN, TOM, AND MEET MY FAMILY!
WELL, UH... OKAY, MA-MARILYN!
MY FOLKS'LL JUST KILL YOU! THEY'RE SO FUNNY... AH, THERE'S GRANDPA!
COME IN, SON! WE'VE BEEN DYING TO MEET YOU!
YIIII!
ISN'T THIS LOVELY, TOM? A TYPICAL, QUIET EVENING AT HOME!
I'LL WHIP UP SOMETHING TO DRINK!
SNAP!
OKAY, LILY, I'M READY FOR THE HANGING!
GO-GOOD-B-BYE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? I WAS JUST GOING TO HANG THE LAUNDRY!

IT'S MY OLD RADIO SET! I WON IT IN A CARD GAME FROM JACK THE RIPPER YEARS AGO! I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT!
GOOD! MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME MUSIC... THE FUNERAL MARCH IS STILL POPULAR, ISN'T IT?
10134-612 THE MUNSTERS *10-6610

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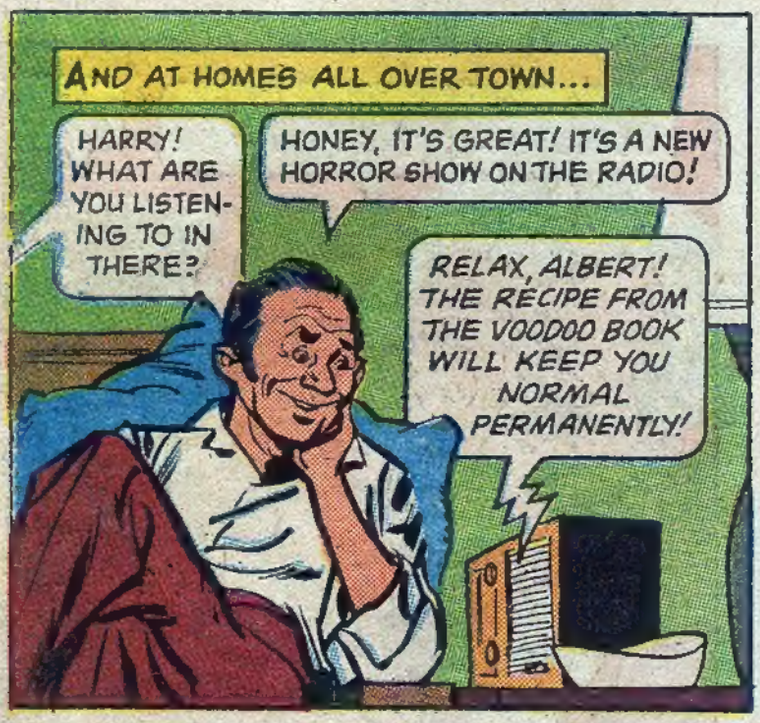
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

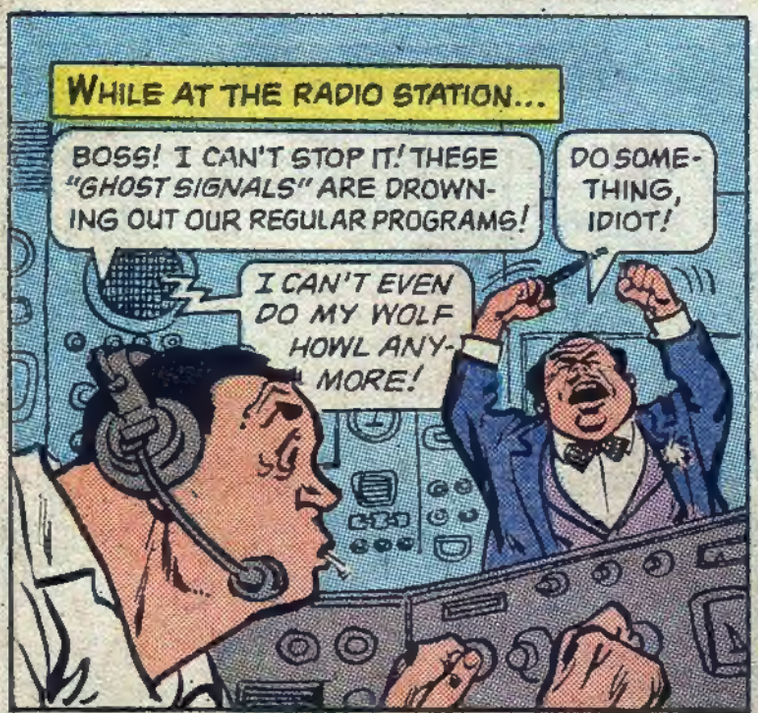
IT STILL WORKS! MAYBE WE CAN CONTACT OUR RELATIVES IN TRANSYL-VANIA!
YES, I WONDER HOW COUSIN HERBERT IS! I HOPE HE'S GREW-SOME!
WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THEM IN AGES! THEIR LETTERS NEVER SEEM TO REACH US!
THEY PROBABLY WOUND UP IN THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE!
HELLO... HELLO... COME IN TRANSYL-VANIA... DO YOU READ ME, UNCLE ALBERT?
THIS IS TRANSYLVANIA!.. YES, I READ YOU, GRANDPA!
WE'VE GOT 'EM! HELLO, ALBERT! THIS IS GRANDPA!
GLAD YOU CALLED, GRANDPA... I NEED YOUR HELP... CAN YOU HEAR? I NEED YOUR HELP!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, ALBERT!... WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I'D RECOGNIZE ALBERT'S VOICE ANY-WHERE! HE SOUNDS SO NICE AND UNHEALTHY!

THAT BLACK MAGIC POTION YOU GAVE ME WAS TEMPORARY! IT ONLY LASTED A HUNDRED YEARS!
INSTEAD OF REMAINING THE HANDSOME MAN THAT I AM NOW... I OCCASIONALLY TURN INTO AN UGLY CREATURE!
THEN I LOOK AWFUL ...I...OH-OH ...IT'S HAPPEN-ING AGAIN!
NOW I LOOK HIDEOUS! YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, GRANDPA!
UGH!
DON'T WORRY, ALBERT! I HAVE THE RECIPE GIVEN TO ME BY DR. CAGLIOSTRO THAT WILL KEEP YOU A GOOD-LOOKING FELLOW LIKE US FOREVER!
GOOD LOOKS RUN IN OUR FAMILY!
DO SOMETHING QUICK! I CAN'T STAND LOOKING THIS WAY!
GEE, DAD, YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY GROTESQUE!

QUICK, HERMAN! TO MY LABORATORY! THE RECIPE IS IN MY ENCYCLOPEDIA OF VOODOO!
LILY, KEEP TALKING TO UNCLE ALBERT...TRY AND CALM HIM!
OH, I LOVE SWAPPING RECIPES!


AND AT HOMES ALL OVER TOWN...
HARRY! WHAT ARE YOU LISTENING TO IN THERE?
HONEY, IT'S GREAT! IT'S A NEW HORROR SHOW ON THE RADIO!
RELAX, ALBERT! THE RECIPE FROM THE VOODOO BOOK WILL KEEP YOU NORMAL PERMANENTLY!

IT...IT SURE IS SPOOKY!
IT'S SO REALISTIC! I'M GOING TO WRITE THE RADIO STATION A FAN LETTER!
WAIT'LL I TELL THE OTHER KIDS ABOUT THIS!


WHILE AT THE RADIO STATION...
BOSS! I CAN'T STOP IT! THESE "GHOST SIGNALS" ARE DROWNING OUT OUR REGULAR PROGRAMS!
DO SOMETHING, IDIOT!
I CAN'T EVEN DO MY WOLF HOWL ANYMORE!

AH! HERE IT IS! THE VOODOO RECIPE FOR GOOD LOOKS!
UNCLE ALBERT WILL BE SO PLEASED, HE'LL HOWL WITH DELIGHT!

ADD TO A PINT OF BOILING BAT'S MILK... TWO VENUS FLY TRAP LEAVES, ONE BUZZARD FEATHER AND STIR WITH AN ANTEATER'S NOSE!
DON'T FORGET A PINCH OF GARLIC TO WARD OFF SNOOPY PEOPLE!
NEXT DAY AT THE RADIO STATION...
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THOSE "GHOST SIGNALS"?
NEVER MIND, BOSS! PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CALLING ALL DAY! LOOK AT THIS FAN MAIL!
U.S. MAIL
IT'S A HIT SHOW! TRACK THOSE SIGNALS DOWN! IT'S WORTH A MILLION BUCKS!
WE'LL FIND 'EM, BOSS! IN OUR REMOTE TRUCK!
THE SIGNAL IS GETTING STRONGER!
MUST BE COMING FROM THAT OLD DUMP OVER THERE!
WBX
SHORTLY...
BOSS! THAT DUMP IS A HOUSE!
YOU MEAN THAT HOUSE IS A DUMP! IT MUST BE THE MAID'S YEAR OFF!
WONDERFUL! THIS SHOW WILL BE OURS EXCLUSIVELY!
WBX

GOOD MORNING! I'M HERMAN MUNSTER!
YOW!
MR. MUNSTER, WE CAME HERE HOPING YOU'D LET US BROADCAST YOUR TALKS WITH TRANSYLVANIA!
YOU KNOW.. "TALK" SHOWS ARE VERY POPULAR!
SURE! BRING YOUR EQUIPMENT IN!... GRANDPA'S JUST ESTABLISHING CONTACT!
OKAY, FELLOWS! SET UP THE REMOTE TRUCK!
I SEE YOU HAVEN'T DUSTED RECENTLY!
OH, SURE! WE PUT NEW DUST DOWN ONLY TODAY!
GRANDPA! THE RADIO PEOPLE WANT TO BROADCAST OUR TALK WITH UNCLE ALBERT!
PRESENTLY...
JUST THINK, HERMAN! WE'RE RADIO STARS!
HELLO, TRANSYLVANIA? GRANDPA CALLING... COME IN... OVER...
ISN'T THIS WILD? THOSE NUTS PUT ON HORROR MAKE-UP JUST TO IMPRESS US!
HELLO... HELLO... GRANDPA...

IN TRANSYLVANIA...
YOU NEVER LOOKED BETTER, DAD!
THE VOODOO RECIPE WORKED, GRANDPA! I FEEL GREAT! LISTEN!
AARROOAH!
BOOM!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
THE TRANSMITTER MELTED!
IT'S BURNED OUT!
I'M SORRY, FELLOWS! THE RADIO HAS GONE DEAD!
THAT'S OKAY, POP! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
MUST BE THEIR INFERIOR EQUIPMENT, BOSS!

OUTSIDE...
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THAT SHOW!
I REFUSE TO GIVE UP! IF THEY CAN CONTACT TRANSYLVANIA ...SO CAN WE!
WE'LL USE OUR OWN EQUIPMENT AND STEAL THE SIGNAL RIGHT FROM UNDER THE MUNSTERS' NOSES!
WBX
AFTER ALL, THE MUNSTERS DON'T OWN TRANSYLVANIA!
I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT!
IT'S NO USE! WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH THEM!
KEEP TRYING, DAD! I KNOW YOU WANT TO THANK GRANDPA FOR MAKING YOU HANDSOME AGAIN!
NEXT DAY...
BOSS, WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT HORROR SHOW BACK ON THE AIR!
YEAH! LOOK AT THESE LETTERS COMPLAINING!
I'VE GOT THE BEST ENGINEERS IN THE BUSINESS WORKING ON IT! WE'LL GET IT! MARK MY WORDS!
U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL

HELLO...COME IN TRANSYLVANIA... HELLO... DO YOU READ ME? OVER!
KEEP TRY-ING!
THIS IS TRANSYL-VANIA... I CAN HEAR YOU... IS THAT YOU, GRANDPA?
TELL HIM "YES" YOU'RE GRANDPA! LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!
YES, THIS IS GRANDPA!
ASK HIM HOW HE FEELS! HUMOR HIM!
EH...HOW DO YOU FEEL... ALBERT?
I FEEL GREAT! JUST LISTEN!
OOOO

IT HAPPENED AGAIN! ALL OUR BROADCASTING EQUIPMENT IS RUINED!
ANYONE WHO TRIES TO CONTACT TRANSYLVANIA IS OUT OF HIS MIND!
YEAH, CHIEF... LET'S FORGET THE WHOLE THING!
BACK AT THE MUNSTERS...
GEE, GRANDPA, CAN'T YOU FIX THE RADIO?
NO, EDDIE! I'M AFRAID NOT! IT'S BEYOND REPAIR!
WHY DID THE SET EXPLODE LIKE THAT, GRANDPA?
VERY SIMPLE! THE VOODOO RECIPE MADE UNCLE ALBERT'S WOLF HOWL SO STRONG, IT BLEW OUT ALL THE TUBES!
ANYWAY, THE SIGNALS FROM TRANSYLVANIA ONLY WORK WHEN THERE'S A FULL MOON... AND NOW THAT UNCLE ALBERT IS USING MY RECIPE... HE'LL BE OUTDOORS WHEN THE MOON IS FULL!
I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO BE CONTENT WITH OUR OLD CRYSTAL BALL! IT'S MUCH MORE RELIABLE!

LIDDLE WOLFGANG
THE PLOTTED PLANT
NYAHH! IT'S A GHOST!
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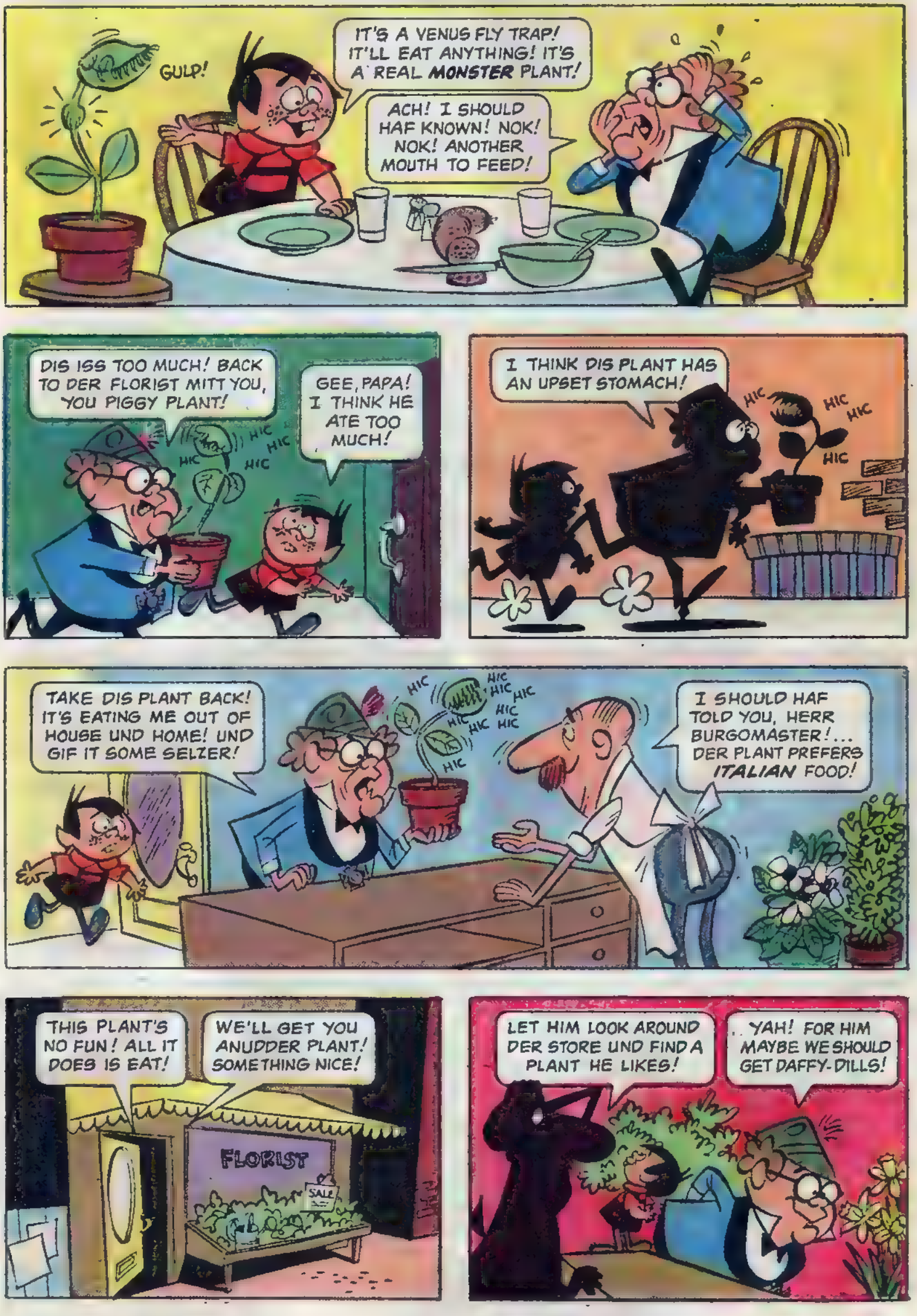
HI, PAPA! IN THIS SHEET EVERYBODY THINKS I'M A GHOST!
DOT SHEET ISS FOR DER BED, UND DOT'S VHERE YOU'RE GOING, LIDDLE MAN!
I DON'T KNOW VOT I'M GOING TO DO MIT DOT BOY! HE'S CRAZY!
VHY DON'T YOU GET HIM INTERESTED IN SUMZING ELSE?
FLORIST
LIKE VOT? HE'S A NUTTY BOY FOR DER MONSTERS!
HE NEEDS A HOBBY! DOT VOULD TAKE HIS MIND OFF DIS SILLY BUSINESS!
GET HIM A PLANT TO TAKE CARE OF! COME INTO MY SHOP-- I VILL GIF YOU A CATALOGUE!
GOOD IDEA! A PLANT VILL REQUIRE LOTS OF ATTENTION!
READ DIS, BOY! A PLANT CAN BE A VUNDERFUL FRIEND!
PLANTS, PHOOEY!
PLANTS APLENTY

WELL, I'LL MAKE PAPA HAPPY AND THUMB THROUGH IT ANYWAY!
HEY! THIS IS GREAT!
WOW! I'D LIKE A PLANT LIKE THIS TO BE MY FRIEND!
PAPA! PAPA! GET ME THIS PLANT!
AH! DER CHILD ISS INTERESTED IN BOTANY! IT ISS A GOOT SIGN!
Der Daily Loudmouth
NEXT DAY...
OKAY, SON, HERE ISS YOUR PLANT... THE FLORIST SAID TO FEED IT... I SUPPOSE HE MEANS A LITTLE WATER...
YIPPEE!
LATER...
NOW WE HAFA LIDDLE KNOCK-WURST UND SAUERKRAUT!
OH, BOY! OUR FIRST MEAL TOGETHER!
I'M TIRED OF KNOCKWURST! HERE, YOU HAVE SOME!
LUM-YUM YUM YUM!
VOT ISS DIS? DER PLANT EATS LIKE PEOPLE?


GULP!
IT'S A VENUS FLY TRAP! IT'LL EAT ANYTHING! IT'S A REAL MONSTER PLANT!
ACH! I SHOULD HAF KNOWN! NOK! NOK! ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED!
DIS ISS TOO MUCH! BACK TO DER FLORIST MITT YOU, YOU PIGGY PLANT!
HIC
GEE, PAPA! I THINK HE ATE TOO MUCH!
I THINK DIS PLANT HAS AN UPSET STOMACH!
TAKE DIS PLANT BACK! IT'S EATING ME OUT OF HOUSE UND HOME! UND GIF IT SOME SELZER!
I SHOULD HAF TOLD YOU, HERR BURGOMASTER!... DER PLANT PREFERS ITALIAN FOOD!
THIS PLANT'S NO FUN! ALL IT DOES IS EAT!
WE'LL GET YOU ANUDDER PLANT! SOMETHING NICE!
FLORIST
SALE
LET HIM LOOK AROUND DER STORE UND FIND A PLANT HE LIKES!
..YAH! FOR HIM MAYBE WE SHOULD GET DAFFY-DILLS!

VOT'S DIS?
PAPA!
WOLFGANG, MY BOY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
AGGH!
NYAAH! A REAL MONSTER PLANT TRYING TO STRANGLE ME!
WHOOOO!
CREEPING VINE
UND I THOUGHT RUNNING A PLANT SHOP VOULD BE A QUIET LIFE!
RUN, DUNDERHEAD! UND GET OUT OF DIS BUSINESS!
IT'S NOT A MONSTER PLANT! IT'S WOLFGANG!
HI, PAPA! LOOK! I'M THE INCREDIBLE VINE-MAN!
THIS IS THE PLANT I WANT, PAPA! A REAL CREEPY PLANT!
CREEPING VINE
NOK! NOK! FORGET DER PLANTS! CHUST GIF ME A FLOWER POT! I VANT TO HIT HIM OVER DER HEAD MITT IT!

A Bat-time Story

A chilling story from the collection of Count Bloodcurdle

ALAS, POOR PENWICK!

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Racing through the dark halls of the castle, Prince Penwick whirled into a narrow corridor and paused breathlessly. With his back against the dank stone walls, the trembling lad listened for the sound of pursuit. He strained every nerve, yet he could hear no footfall.

"But I know they're looking for me—hunting me," thought the prince fearfully! "They won't give up until they've got me in their clutches."

He moved deeper into the darkness. "What have I done? Why must they pursue me this way?"

He thought of what would happen if they should trap him. The very idea was enough to chill him to the marrow! No! It must never happen. He could never bear the tortures that they planned for him.

Suddenly he heard the sound of steps approaching. They were closing in! Like a trapped animal, the prince looked for an escape. Then he saw it—the narrow stairway that led upward into the gloomy tower! It was his only chance. Already Penwick could hear the echoing voices of his would-be torturers. Summoning his last bit of strength, the prince hurried up the stone steps. What dangers lay ahead he did not know, but Penwick knew well the perils that lay behind him.

Yes, he could see it all now—the eager gloating in their eyes when they would finally run him to earth! He could feel their clutching hands seizing him, holding him fast! Struggle would be useless. He would fight them all the way. But what was his meager strength pitted against so many?

They would drag him down to that ghastly room whose tortures he had learned all too well, that place whose horrors were worse than the foulest dungeons in the castle!

"No! No!" thought the trembling prince. "I've got to stop thinking about it, or I won't have the strength to go on!"

Utter fear drove him upward and yet he could not control his thoughts. In his mind's eye he could picture the terrors that awaited him. Once in the room of horror they would force him into the seat. Then he would come face to face with the master-torturer himself!

How that evil one would laugh as his trembling victim shuddered before him. Eagerly he would sharpen the glittering tools of his foul trade. With grimy thumb he would test the edges of his weapons.

Penwick leaned against a parapet as his mind writhed under the torments to come. Already he could feel the torturer's deadly blade slicing, hacking, coming ever closer to his cringing flesh.

Then suddenly he heard the rush of footsteps behind him. He was cornered! Like a trapped animal he turned on his pursuers, but they held him fast!

"Father—Mother," cried Prince Penwick. "How can you do this to me, your own son?"

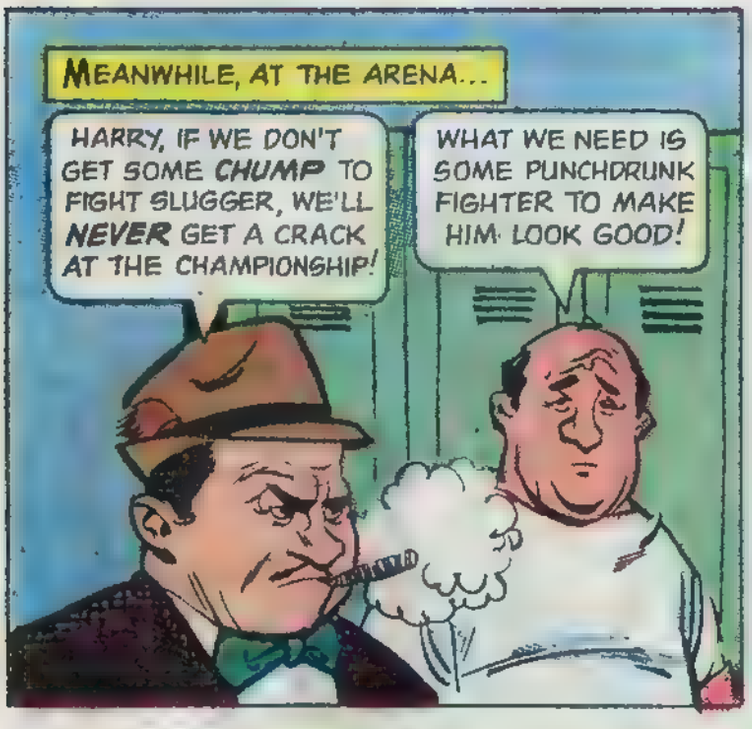
The King looked down grimly at the captured prince. "Face it, Penwick! No son of mine will ever be a beatnik!"

"No, indeed," said the Queen. "Penwick, you're scheduled for a haircut at least once a month! Come! The royal barber is waiting!"

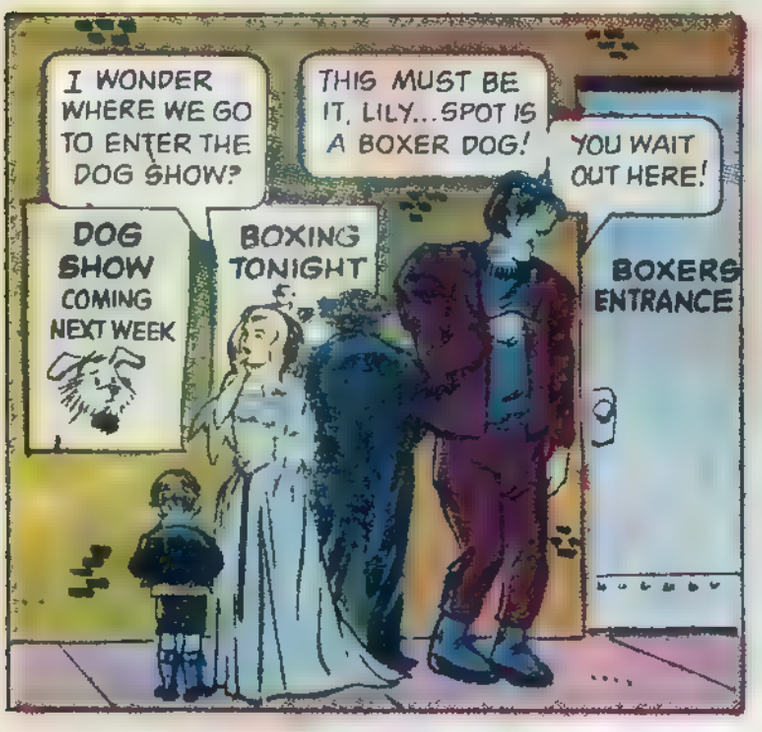
The MUNSTERS
SOUP'S ON
WE'RE HAVING YOUR FAVORITE DISH TONIGHT, GRANDPA!
OH, GOODY! RAGWEED SOUP!
WAIT'LL YOU TASTE THIS! IT'LL MELT IN YOUR MOUTH!
I SEE IT'S MELTING THE SPOON ALREADY!
WOW! IT'S TOO HOT, AUNT LILY!
ARRGH!
TOO HOT, EH? WELL, I CAN'T WAIT FOR IT TO COOL OFF, SO...
YOU KNOW ME, LILY...
POP!
AS FAR AS YOUR SOUP GOES... I'M YOUR NUMBER ONE FAN!

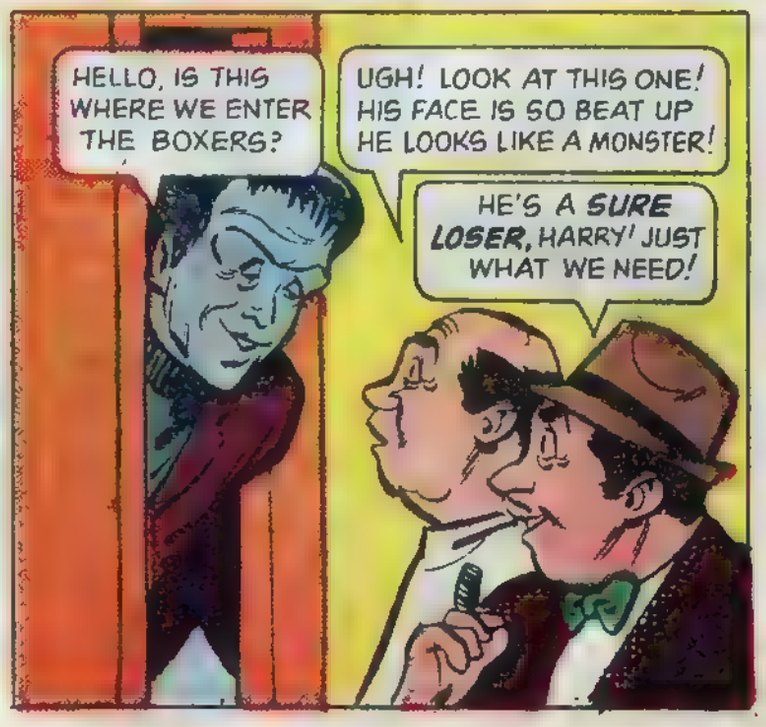
The MUNSTERS
HEAVY-WEIGHT FRIGHT
AH! I JUST ADORE BAT STEW! HERMAN, DID YOU FEED THE DOG?
YES, LILY, AND NOW SPOT IS READY FOR HIS WALK!
EDDIE, YOU LOOK UPSET! DID DINNER AGREE WITH YOU?
NO, MOM! IT'S JUST THAT I WISH SPOT COULD MEET OTHER DOGS!
WELL, HE TRIES, EDDIE ... BUT OTHER DOGS RUN AWAY FROM HIM!
I HEAR THERE'S A DOG SHOW COMING UP AT THE ARENA!... COULD WE ENTER SPOT?
OF COURSE, EDDIE, THEN SPOT COULD MEET LOTS OF NICE DOGS!
THAT'S SWELL, MOM! SPOT GETS LONESOME JUST HANGING AROUND THE TOMBS!
HERMAN, WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE ARENA AND SEE ABOUT ENTERING SPOT IN THE DOG SHOW!
GOOD IDEA, LILY! SPOT WON BEST IN SHOW IN TRANSYLVANIA!

I THINK IT'S BEST THAT WE LEAVE SPOT AT HOME WHILE WE FILL OUT THE APPLICATION!
YES, WE WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO FRIGHTEN THE OFFICIALS!
SPOT WOULDN'T HARM A FLEA! HE'S GOT THOUSANDS AND HE HASN'T HURT A ONE!

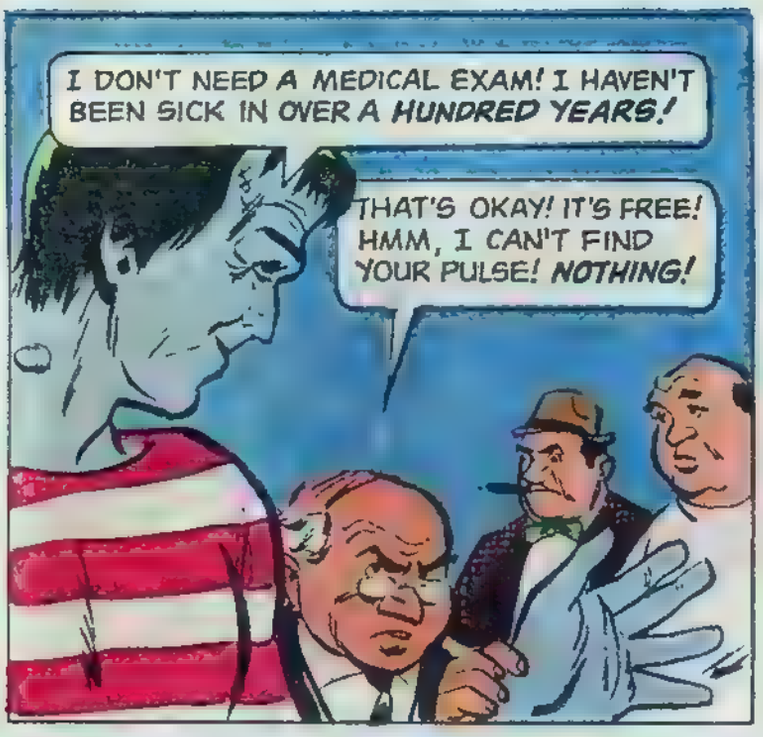

MEANWHILE, AT THE ARENA...
HARRY, IF WE DON'T GET SOME CHUMP TO FIGHT SLUGGER, WE'LL NEVER GET A CRACK AT THE CHAMPIONSHIP!
WHAT WE NEED IS SOME PUNCHDRUNK FIGHTER TO MAKE HIM LOOK GOOD!

DON'T WORRY, SLUGGER, WE'LL GET SOME PUNK STUPID ENOUGH TO FIGHT YOU!
YUH! YUH! I'LL MURDER THE BUM! YUH! YUH!


I WONDER WHERE WE GO TO ENTER THE DOG SHOW?
THIS MUST BE IT, LILY... SPOT IS A BOXER DOG!
YOU WAIT OUT HERE!
DOG SHOW COMING NEXT WEEK
BOXING TONIGHT
BOXERS ENTRANCE

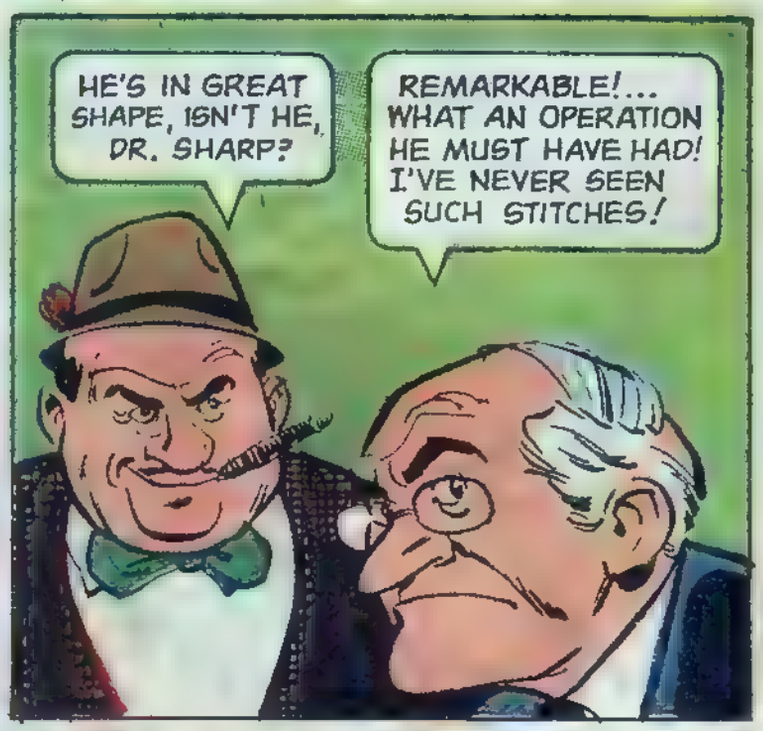

HELLO, IS THIS WHERE WE ENTER THE BOXERS?
UGH! LOOK AT THIS ONE! HIS FACE IS SO BEAT UP HE LOOKS LIKE A MONSTER!
HE'S A SURE LOSER, HARRY! JUST WHAT WE NEED!

YES! WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A CONTENDER?
SURE WOULD! LOOK AT THIS RIBBON I WON!
BEST BOXER IN SHOW
GREAT! DID YOU BRING ANY TRUNKS YOU CAN GET INTO?
I'VE BEEN IN LOTS OF TRUNKS, BUT I DIDN'T HAUL THEM HERE!
TRY THESE ON! PHEW! THESE MUST'VE BEEN LEFT OVER FROM JOHN L. SULLIVAN!
I'LL WEAR ANYTHING IF IT HELPS THE SHOW!
YOU OUGHT TO PASS THE PHYSICAL EASY, HERMAN! YOU'RE WELL-BUILT!
NATURALLY! I WAS A SPECIAL BODY JOB AT THE FACTORY!
WOW! HE BROKE THE SCALES!
ULP! I GUESS BAT STEW IS FATTENING!
GOOD THING THIS IS A HEAVYWEIGHT BOUT!
HE'S A WEIRD SPECIMEN! I'LL TAKE HIS PULSE AND HEARTBEAT!
DR. W. SHARP


I DON'T NEED A MEDICAL EXAM! I HAVEN'T BEEN SICK IN OVER A HUNDRED YEARS!
THAT'S OKAY! IT'S FREE! HMM, I CAN'T FIND YOUR PULSE! NOTHING!

NO HEART-BEAT, EITHER!
DO SOMETHING QUICK, HARRY! IF HE DOESN'T PASS THE PHYSICAL, THE FIGHT WON'T GO ON!

THUMP!
THUMP!
AH, THERE IT IS! A LITTLE IRREGULAR, BUT STRONG!


HE'S IN GREAT SHAPE, ISN'T HE, DR. SHARP?
REMARKABLE!... WHAT AN OPERATION HE MUST HAVE HAD! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH STITCHES!

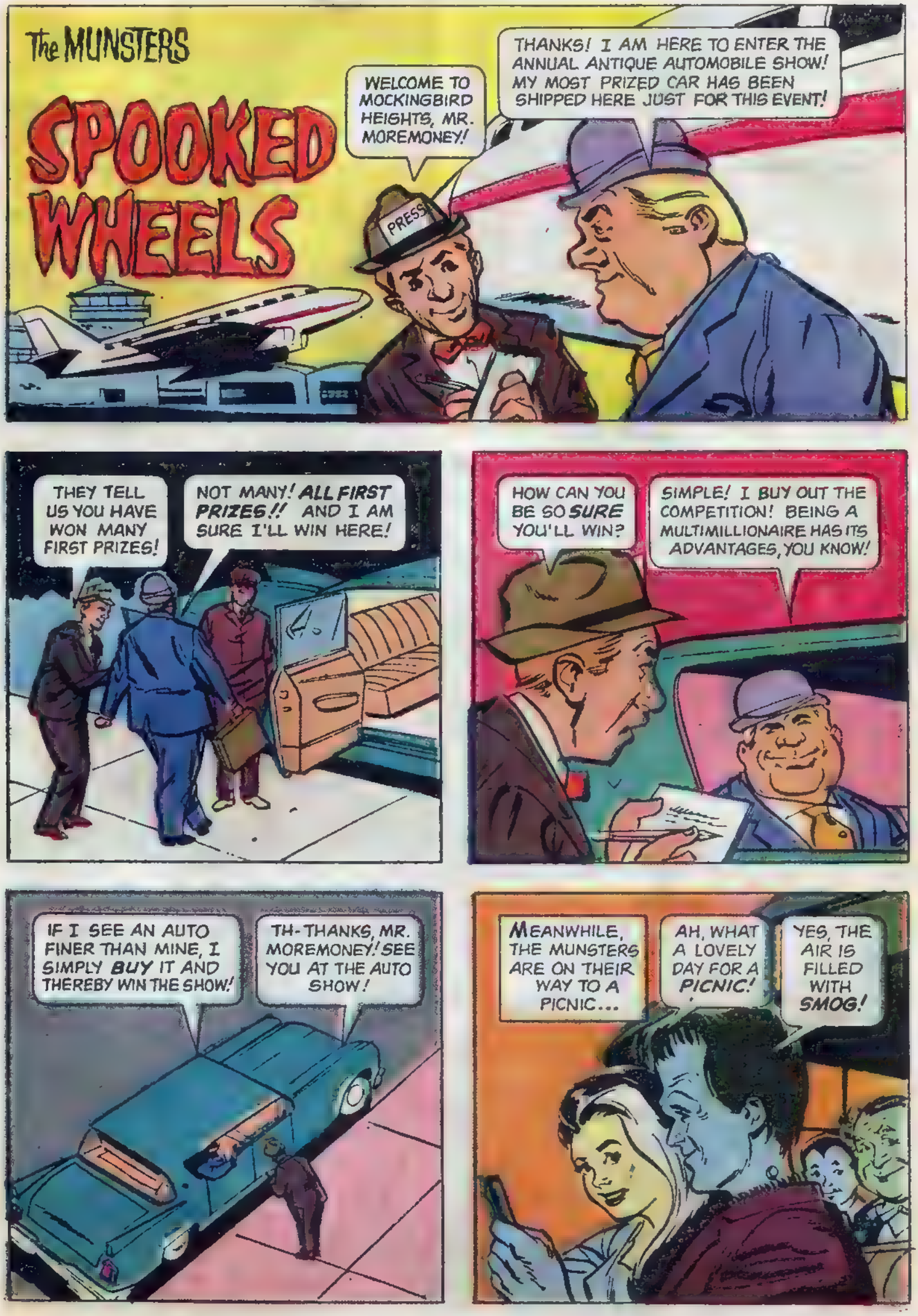
OKAY, HERMAN, GO LIE DOWN TILL HARRY COMES FOR YOU!
BUT...BUT WHAT ABOUT MY DOG?
WE'LL SEND HIM A BONE! COME ON!

HASN'T UNCLE HERMAN BEEN IN THERE AN AWFULLY LONG TIME?
THERE'S PROBABLY A LONG LINE FOR APPLICATIONS!
MARILYN IS RIGHT! IT'S BEEN HOURS! LET'S GO IN AND FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED!
SAY, ISN'T THAT A PRIZE FIGHTING RING?
IT SURE IS! AND LOOK WHO ONE OF THE FIGHTERS IS -- HERMAN!
HERMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M READY FOR THE BOXER SHOW! WHERE'S SPOT?
HUH! HUH! I'LL MURDER THE BUM... YUH! YUH! WHATTA GOOFY-LOOKING GUY! HUH!
HERMAN, THIS ISN'T FOR BOXER DOGS! THIS IS FOR REAL BOXERS!
YOU MEAN A FIGHT? I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYBODY!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO HURT HIM, PAL! JUST STAY TEN ROUNDS, THAT'S ALL!
WELL, OKAY, BUT I THINK FIGHTING IS IN-HUMAN!
CLANG!

WELL, YOU JUST BE NICE TO THE GENTLEMAN, HERMAN!
DON'T WORRY, LILY! HE LOOKS LIKE A FRIENDLY FELLOW!
I JUST HAVE TO STAY TEN ROUNDS, THAT'S ALL! I WON'T EVEN TOUCH HIM!
POW!
THREE MINUTES LATER...
CLANG!
I WISH THE FIGHT WOULD START! I'D LIKE TO GET IT OVER WITH!
WHAM!
I THREW MY BEST PUNCHES! HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THEM!
THAT'S OKAY, SLUGGER! YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD!
GET HIM SOME NEW GLOVES! THOSE ARE RUINED!
NINE ROUNDS LATER...
ROUND TEN NEXT! IF YOU DON'T KNOCK HIM OUT, YOU'LL NEVER GET A CRACK AT THE CHAMPIONSHIP!
FIX MY GLOVE, WILL YA? THE OLD HORSE-SHOE BIT!

OH, SURE! ANYTHING TO CLOBBER THAT :UGH: CREATURE!
CLANG!
THERE'S THE BELL, LILY! THE LAST ROUND! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
HUH? OH, EXCUSE ME!
WHAP!
WOW! WHAT A PUNCH!
:GASP:
THE :UGH: WINNER! HERMAN MUNSTER!
GOSH! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HIM! I MUST HAVE A POWERFUL PUNCH!
YOU'RE GREAT, HERMAN! I WANT TO SIGN YOU UP! FOR YOUR NEXT FIGHT, I'LL GET YOU A GUARANTEE!
OH, I ALREADY HAVE A GUARANTEE! THE FACTORY GAVE IT TO ME WHEN THEY MADE ME!
GUARANTEE

DID YOU HEAR THAT, LILY? HE WANTS TO SIGN ME UP! MAYBE I CAN EVEN BE CHAMP!
NOT--YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESSION--ON YOUR LIFE!
BACK HOME...
I'M WORRIED ABOUT HERMAN, GRANDPA! I THINK WINNING THAT FIGHT HAS GONE TO HIS HEAD!
SHADOW BOXING AGAIN? THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
THEN I GIVE HIM THE OLD ONE-TWO!
WATCH MY FORM, GRANDPA!
I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!
POW!
YOU CAN'T BEAT THE OLD VOODOO PUNCH IN AN EMERGENCY!
POOR HERMAN, THE ONLY THING HE HAS TO BE AFRAID OF IS HIS OWN SHADOW!
WHAT ROUND IS THIS, HARRY?
LOOK, MOM, THE WINNER!

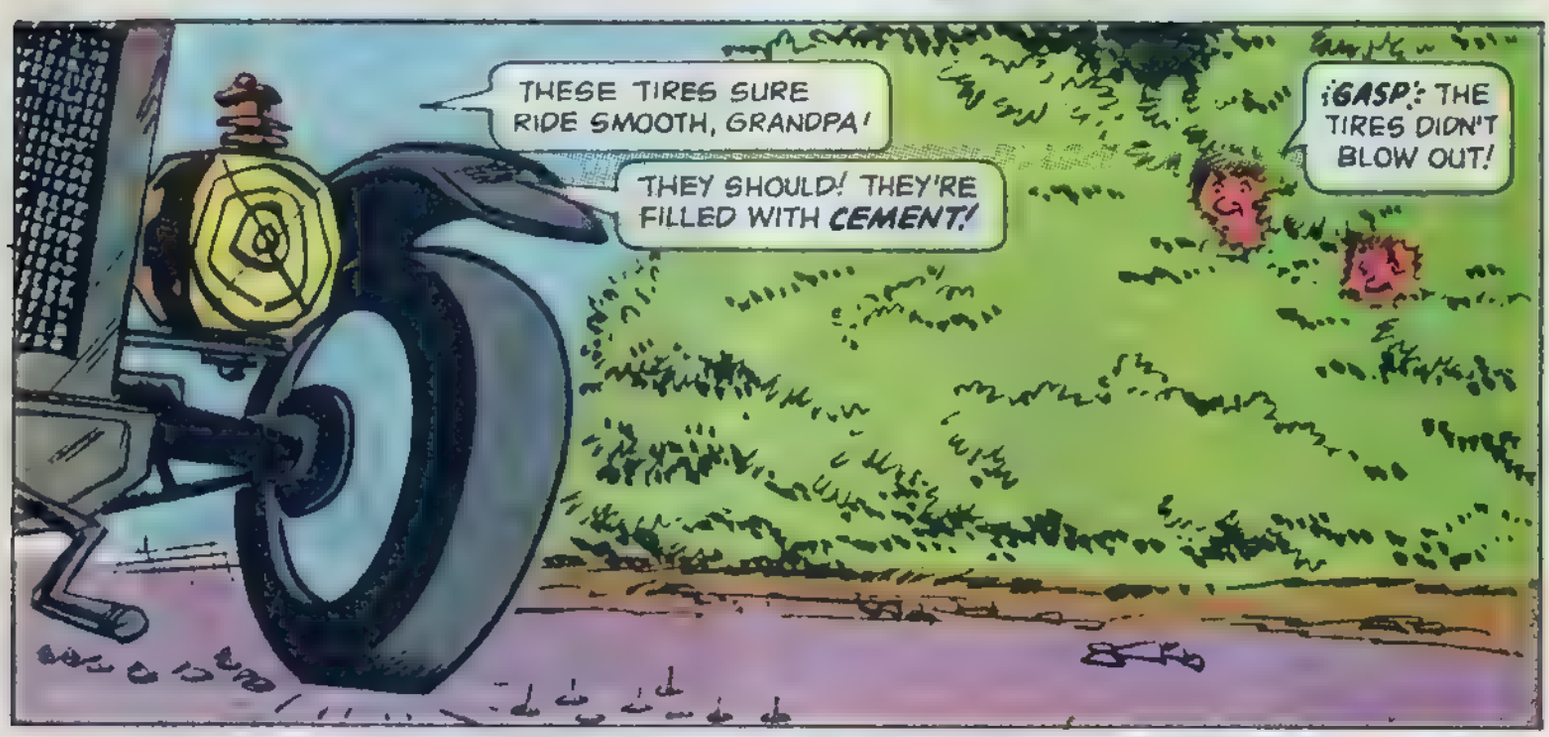

The MUNSTERS
SPOOKED WHEELS
WELCOME TO MOCKINGBIRD HEIGHTS, MR. MOREMONEY!
PRESS
THANKS! I AM HERE TO ENTER THE ANNUAL ANTIQUE AUTOMOBILE SHOW! MY MOST PRIZED CAR HAS BEEN SHIPPED HERE JUST FOR THIS EVENT!
THEY TELL US YOU HAVE WON MANY FIRST PRIZES!
NOT MANY! ALL FIRST PRIZES!! AND I AM SURE I'LL WIN HERE!
HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE YOU'LL WIN?
SIMPLE! I BUY OUT THE COMPETITION! BEING A MULTIMILLIONAIRE HAS ITS ADVANTAGES, YOU KNOW!
IF I SEE AN AUTO FINER THAN MINE, I SIMPLY BUY IT AND THEREBY WIN THE SHOW!
TH-THANKS, MR. MOREMONEY! SEE YOU AT THE AUTO SHOW!
MEANWHILE, THE MUNSTERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO A PICNIC...
AH, WHAT A LOVELY DAY FOR A PICNIC!
YES, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH SMOG!

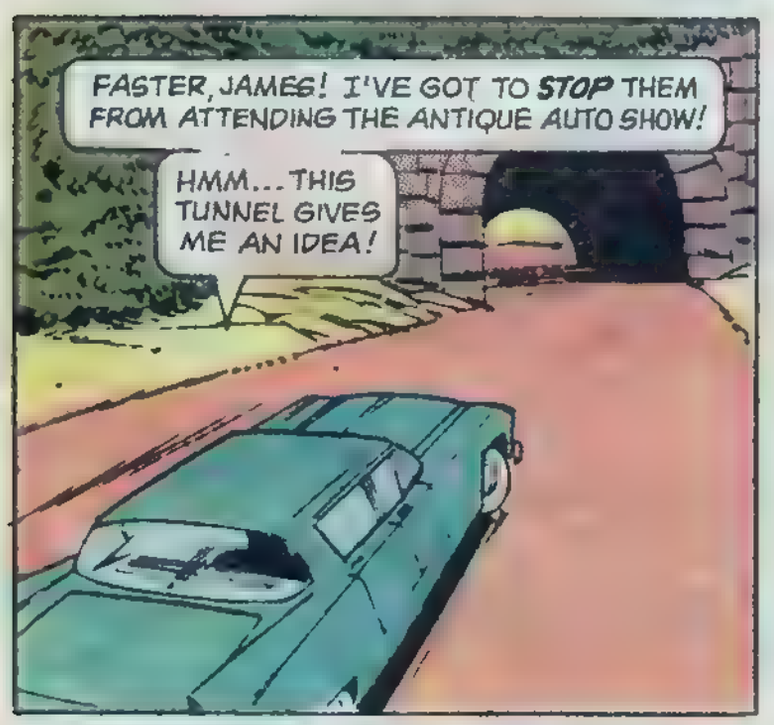
WE'LL GO TO OUR FAVORITE PICNIC SPOT... THE GRAVEYARD!
GRANDPA, CAN I FEED THE VULTURES WHILE WE'RE THERE?
AND I CAN PICK SOME POISON IVY TO BRING HOME!
SURE, EDDIE! VULTURES ARE A MILLION LAUGHS!
AWWWK!
WHAT'S WRONG, JAMES?
WOW! WHATTA CAR! FOLLOW THEM, JAMES! I MUST HAVE THAT CAR AT ANY PRICE!
DID YOU SEE :UGH: THAT DRIVER?
WHEE! THIS OLD CAR STILL HAS LIFE!
OF COURSE! IT RUNS ON WOLFBANE JUICE!
AFTER THEM, IDIOT!
I SHOULD HAVE STUCK WITH MY OLD SAFE JOB... DAREDEVIL DRIVING!
THIS CAR'S AS GOOD AS NEW, GRANDPA!
IT SHOULD BE! IT WAS HANDMADE!
JUST LIKE HERMAN!

I THOUGHT IT WAS MADE UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS!
IT WAS, EDDIE! IT WAS! HEH-HEH!
MR. MO-MORE-MONEY! THEY'RE TURNING OFF TOWARD A GRAVEYARD!
IT WON'T BE THE FIRST CAR I'VE BOUGHT IN A GRAVEYARD! I BET I CAN GET IT DIRT CHEAP!
CEMETERY
THIS IS THE SPOT! LOOK AT ALL THE LOVELY TOMBSTONES!
I'LL KILL THE ENGINE!
I'LL WAIT IN THE CAR, JAMES! GO OVER AND OFFER TO BUY THEIR CAR!
'GULP' MUST I, BOSS?
AFTER OUR PICNIC, WE'LL GO TO THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE! THEY'RE RUNNING HORROR SHOWS TONIGHT!
OH, GOODY!
HMM... ROCK CORNISH BATS AND DEVILED HAM! YUM-YUM!
AUNT LILY! SOMEONE'S COMING!

CAN WE TAKE CARE OF YOU, MISTER?
ER--UH, MY BOSS, MR. MOREMONEY, WOULD LIKE TO BUY YOUR CAR! HE'LL PAY HANDSOMELY FOR IT!
WHAT? WHY OUR CAR IS AS GOOD AS NEW! NO DEAL! OUR CAR IS NOT FOR SALE!
BEGIDES WE'RE GOING TO THE SHOW IN IT AFTER OUR PICNIC!
THERE ISN'T ENOUGH MONEY IN THE WORLD TO BUY THIS CAR! TELL THAT TO YOUR BOSS!
M-M-MY PLEASURE!
SO...THEY DIDN'T GO FOR IT, DID THEY? AND THEY'RE GOING TO THE SHOW, HUH?
YE-YES! AND THEY'LL PROBABLY WIN FIRST PRIZE!
I'LL MOVE THIS SIGN TO THIS ABANDONED ROAD AND THEY'LL DRIVE THEIR STUPID CAR RIGHT INTO THE RIVER!
CAUTION BRIDGE STRAIGHT AHEAD

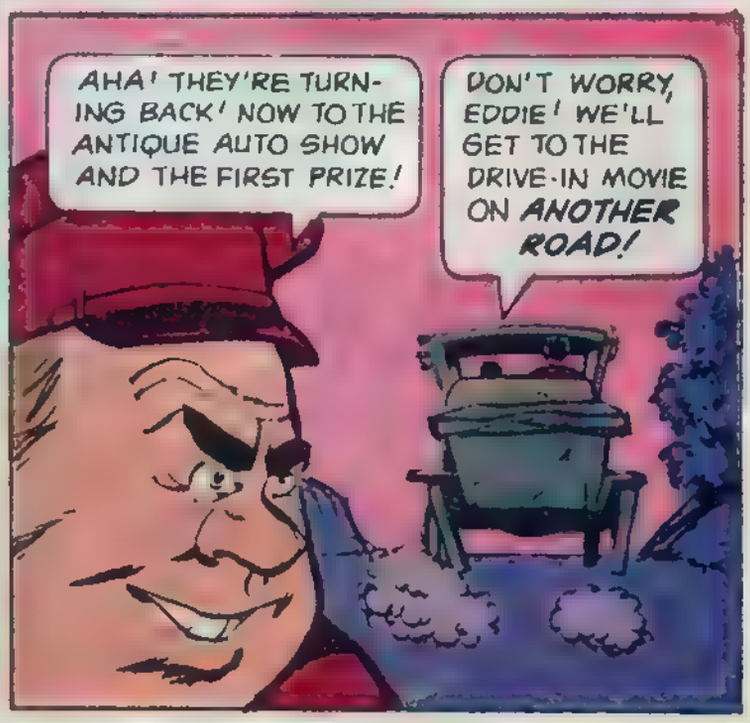
LATER...
THIS WAY TO THE BRIDGE!
CAUTION BRIDGE STRAIGHT AHEAD
HMM! THE BRIDGE IS OUT!
NO PROBLEM, HERMAN! WITH A LITTLE BLACK MAGIC, WE CAN...
...FLY ACROSS THE RIVER!
♪ FLY ME ♫ A RIVER! ♫
¡GASP! WHAT A CAR!
I'LL FIX THEM! THIS SHORT CUT WILL PUT ME AHEAD OF THEM AND...
...THESE TACKS ON THE ROAD WILL BLOW OUT ALL THEIR TIRES! HEH-HEH!


THESE TIRES SURE RIDE SMOOTH, GRANDPA!
THEY SHOULD! THEY'RE FILLED WITH CEMENT!
¡GASP!: THE TIRES DIDN'T BLOW OUT!


FASTER, JAMES! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM FROM ATTENDING THE ANTIQUE AUTO SHOW!
HMM... THIS TUNNEL GIVES ME AN IDEA!

TOLL TUNNEL $100.00
I'LL TELL THEM THIS IS A TOLL TUNNEL AND CHARGE SUCH AN OUTRAGEOUS PRICE THAT THEY'LL TURN BACK!

STOP! THIS IS A TOLL TUNNEL! PAY OR YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH!
$100 TOLL?... PRICES ARE GETTING COMPLETELY OUT OF HAND!


AHA! THEY'RE TURNING BACK! NOW TO THE ANTIQUE AUTO SHOW AND THE FIRST PRIZE!
DON'T WORRY, EDDIE! WE'LL GET TO THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE ON ANOTHER ROAD!

AT THE ANTIQUE AUTO SHOW...
MR. MOREMONEY, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE A SURE WINNER! YOUR CAR IS THE FINEST IN THE SHOW!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS?
THIS MUST BE THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE, LILY! LOOK AT ALL THE CARS!
IT LOOKS LIKE A VERY POPULAR MOVIE!
THAT CAR BEATS ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN! THEY GET FIRST PRIZE!
HERE'S YOUR GOLD CUP, SIR! YOU'VE WON FIRST PRIZE! :GASP: WHAT A FACE!
HMM, MUST BE PRIZE NIGHT AT THE MOVIES!
PARK CLOSE TO THE SCREEN, HERMAN! I DON'T WANT TO MISS ANYTHING!

WELL, THE ANTIQUE AUTO SHOW IS OVER! TIME TO CHANGE THE BILLBOARD!
ANTIQUE AUTO SHOW
ST
MO
THERE! NOW TO PUT UP A NEW ADVERTISEMENT!
WHAT THE--?
THERE, HERMAN! THERE IS THE MOVIE SCREEN!
SWELL, LILY...THIS CLOSE ENOUGH?
YOWW!
GOOD THING WE'RE EARLY! WE HAVE THE BEST SEATS!
SUNSET IS THE BEST TIME FOR A DRIVE-IN!
WHEN DOES THE MOVIE START?
JUST AS SOON AS IT GETS A BIT DARKER, EDDIE!
MUST NOT BE ANY GOOD! ALL THE OTHER CARS HAVE LEFT!
SOME PEOPLE JUST CAN'T TAKE HORROR SHOWS, LILY! PASS ME THE BAT MILK, GRANDPA...I'M THIRSTY!

The MUNSTERS
CREEPY CARPENTER
DO IT YOURSELF CRYPT CRAFT
NAILS
WHAT ARE YOU MAKING, HERMAN?
EDDIE WAS COMPLAINING ABOUT THE FOOD IN THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA...
...SO I MADE HIM HIS OWN PERSONAL LUNCHBOX!

THE MUNSTERS

PIN-UP

BEWARE!
b-man COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢ CC
7 MAR 02185
THE MONSTERS ARE COMING!
BEWARE!
VENI VIDI SCANI
You will always be missed.
You will always be remembered.
You will always be mourned.
Thank you for being my friend.
Thank you for being my mentor.
R.I.P the incredible
BUMBLEBEE-MAN !